THE PORT FOLIO.

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. LXXII.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

FEW of the complaints which the vanity or discontent, the petulance or folly of mankind may dictate, are more frequent, and, at the same time, more groundless and unjust, than that of the misery of this sublunary state. It is generally coupled with another, equally undeserving of attention, of the want of feeling in men for the infelicity of their brethren; and although this last may be in general true, yet there is so little genuine misery in the world, that it is not surprising it should die upon the ear, instead of forcing its passage to the heart. Never entirely free from the influence of self-love, men are apt to attribute an importance to their petty anxieties, which the deepest affliction alone would sanction; each imagining his lot the most deplorable, and, therefore, furnishing an ample apology for the indulgence of complaint. But if we rest our opinion upon a view of the conduct of men, under the weight of those untoward circumstances, which, in general, make up the sum of human misery, we shall not be disposed to think this mortal state entitled to as much commiseration as the voice of lamentation would exact; and we shall find that where there is most 'weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth,' the cause is most disproportionate to the effect.

Fortunately for man, the human heart is admirably formed for the toleration of calamity; it is elastic, and never yields, without resistance, to its pressure. There is also an innate propensity in it to be at ease with itself, and it is rarely found so imbecile as not to be able, with the balsam of time, to resist any misfortune.

Do you meet a man, wearing the 'inky cloak,' and dejected countenance of one who mourns the loss of some near relative, you will say, this man deserves not my sympathy, for if we look into the world, every day's experience will prove that his sorrow will scarce outlive the morning mist, and that, in a very little time, in the tumult of business, or the dissipation of social intercourse, he will lose the recollection of his cares, and be astonished to find, that, what he once imagined would be co-existent with his life, had but an ephemeral existence. To this observation doubtless some exception may be found. It may sometimes happen that two hearts are so intimately connected, and so mutually dependent for support upon their joint existence, that the blow that disunites, destroys them. Instances, however, of this kind of affection are so rare, that they only serve to justify the preceding observation.

Do you meet a young man, silent in company, and are your ears invaded by the sound of his half-stifled sighs? His ills are imaginary; for although surrounded by all of those things, which are termed the blessings of life, his gloomy mind is busied in foreboding their loss; the fiend, Melancholy, has seized upon his soul, and holds a mirror to his view, wherein he beholds all the dreary and spectral forms of 'gasping penury;' or he is in love, and because he cannot always be alone with his mistress, fancies himself the most wretched of human beings; or possessed of the poet's phrenzy, and grieves to find that the picture of life, his wild and fantastic imagination drew, has no better claim to a resemblance of reality, than the mummery of a dream. If he be in either of these situations, we are more inclined to chide, than commiserate; nor can this insensibility to his sufferings be justly imputed to selfishness, or a general want of feeling; for the man who will not be happy, when the means of being so are placed within his grasp, merits all the misery his contumacy may bring upon him.

But the fact is, that it very seldom happens that this melancholy is not affected and insincere. Jaques is a rare character in real life. There is a kind of vanity in the world that will induce some to forego all the pleasures of cheerfulness and good humour, that will prompt them rather to weep with the wretched, than rejoice with the gay, as the most effectual method of acquiring a reputation for sensibility.

> In man or woman, but far most in man,
> And, most of all, in man that ministers
> And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
> All affectation; 'tis my perfect scorn;
> Object of my implacable disgust.

'It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting.' This Sterne denied, and so do the feelings of all the world. A state of grief is a forced and unnatural one, and the feelings of every one, in such a state, prompt him to a change.

Should you meet with a man whose 'tattered rags his poverty bespeak,' but whose air denotes the former gentleman and man of fashion, you will find that he is not entitled to your commiseration; his conduct demonstrates his unworthiness. With his fortune that he had dissipated in extravagance and excess, his honour has decayed, and his feelings have lost the edge of sensibility. He is alike regardless of the esteem and contempt, of the praise and the censure of the world.

These are the characters who declaim most vehemently against the miseries of life, and are most importunate in their demands upon the charity of their fellow mortals, and, of all others, those who should be the last in doing either.

But it may happen that a man may be reduced to poverty, and yet retain his innocence. There, doubtless, have been instances of men of fortune, who, entering into the world with feelings, the warmth of which the deceit of man has not yet damped, and judging of others by the delusive test of their own hearts, have too soon become the victims of treachery and craft. Such have an incontestible claim upon our tenderest sympathy, but are seldom miserable, and, therefore, need it not—They have lost their wealth, but they have preserved their virtue; and although it may not afford much satisfaction to think the world 'a den of thieves,' it cannot be unproductive of happiness to know that they, at least, are honest.

To deny the existence of human miseries is not the object of the writer of this essay, for although he boasts not of having *felt* them, he has not yet been an entire stranger to their influence upon others. His intention is to discountenance, as far as his feeble efforts will enable him, a foolish and unmanly habit of repining, which too many are apt to indulge; and if any thing more be necessary for those, who in this manner offend, let them be told that it is not less certain that they will be disbelieved, than that they will be ridiculed and despised by the world.

EUGENIUS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAY PREACHER.

'Better is the end of a thing, than the beginning thereof.'

Assuredly, says I, with a desponding face, when I dipt my pen into my ink-horn, and expected to bring up a sermon from the bottom, my *little flock* of readers expect that the Pastor will make his weekly visitation; and yet I feel too languid to excurse far. I wish that the task was fulfilled; verily, verily, Solomon, whether you muttered it when building the temple, or thinking of your concubines, you never muttered more wisdom, than 'better is the *end* of a thing, than the beginning thereof.'

Without an invocation to the sons and daughters of Indolence, for we all know what would be the language of that family, should even the persevering and industrious be asked the question, they would refer the querist to Solomon's works for an answer.

Beginning! continued I, is like John Bunyan's hill, so *difficult*, that it would embarrass even a Christian to get fairly over. Beginning! why it is the terror of school-boys, and of pretty Miss in her teens; it makes lawyers stammer, and lovers timid. I hate to *begin* my sermon; and, quoth my grandmother, looking at her knitting work, through spectacles, I would rather foot ten pair of your blue stockings, than *begin* one.

But of *ending*, how many fine sentences could I scribble, had I 'the pen of a ready writer!' How exultingly the Saint talks of '*finishing* the faith,' how cheerily the labourer swings his scythe, when hay making is done, and how briskly a bridegroom ascends three chamber stairs at once, when courtship is at an *end*. I married a fond couple last week, and, as usual, neglected the wedding sermon, till the eager twain came blushing into my study. When I joined their hands, I felt pulses beating high, through their white gloves, and saw eyes sparkle expressively, when I extemporized from 'better is the *end* of a thing, than the beginning thereof.'

One of my parishioners, a very industrious and thriving cobler, who supports a wife, 'nine

small children, and one at the breast,' by his labour of leather, I knew, 'even from his boyish days.' At fourteen he sang wicked ballads to his fellow apprentices, drank raw rum, in a frolick, out of the old shoes of the shop, and burnt the boots of the customers. At twenty-one, three benevolent maidens complained of him to the 'squire, and he was obliged to pawn his *freedom suit*, to indemnify the parish. He next commenced a *roaring* blade, drank flip before breakfast, laid out his heel tap money in tobacco, and the tavern clock struck one, when he told the last negro story. At length he picked up Dr. Franklin's 'Poor Richard,' and found that this was not 'The way to Wealth.' He broke his mug, threw away his box, bought stock, earned money, *kept it*, and married. I stopt at his shop, a few mornings since, at *sunrise* to try on a pair of shoes. As soon as the noise of six of his journeymen's hammers ceased, I could not forbear comparing the past with the present. Ah, said I, looking wistfully at his last, and the waxed thread he was twining, and thinking that St. Gregory, St. Austin, and all the fathers of the church have punned, ah, Mr. Crispin, how much more profitable is your *end*, than your beginning.

Paley, an archdeacon of the church, and, what is much better, a worthy man, tells us, in his book of philosophy, that there is a great difference between beginning with a thousand pounds, and ending with a hundred, and the reverse. It is of much more import, therefore, if we mean to end well, that we should begin tolerably. I know no better beginning for a young man, than a *stock* of honesty, prudence, and industry; it is better than stock in the shop, or a thousand pounds from a rich father. If a man should take it into his head to *begin* with knavery and theft, it cannot be dissembled, though the words of Solomon are against me, that there are *ignominious* ends, and if hemp grew in Jerusalem, he ought to know it, if not, I proceed to inform him that a *rope's end*, is one of the most pitiful terminations in life. Neither 'better,' nor best can be predicted of such an 'end,' even by the accuracy of his logic. 'Tis a vile end; and, you trickish jockies, be not in such haste to put off your spavined horses, for double their worth, to the believing buyer. Lame as they are, you may be willing to avail yourselves even of their imperfect speed, to convey you to the Genesee. Better that the Lake fever should be your *end*, than the gallows.

When my spirits are the victims of the east wind, when one of my agonizing head aches disturbs the 'palace of the soul,' when my small salary is scantily and grudgingly paid, or, when remembrance of false friends' ingratitude presses strongly upon me, I then read the third chapter of Job, and exclaim, better is the end of life, than the beginning. Some there are who are perpetually *crowned with rose buds of delight, before they are withered*, who 'eat and drink, and enjoy the good of their labour,' and then 'rise up to play.' To this class existence has abundant charms, and their airy fancies, pleased with the 'beginning' of life's day, *put far away* the 'end.' But it may be made a very serious question, whether the *majority* would not pronounce the words of the text as a creed. He who is poor or miserable, blind or naked, must certainly wish for better accommodations, where he could be well paid, fed, and enjoy 'perfect vision.' To such an unfortunate, such a smoky house, as he inhabits, must be offensive; and if you convince his reason that in a 'house not made with hands,' more airy and gladsome apartments are prepared, his feelings will rejoice when his mortal lease expires, and he will apply and believe the above quoted words of Solomon.

BIOGRAPHY.

[The life of Scott, of Amwell, a quaker poet of celebrity, in England, but not sufficiently known in America, has many claims to the attention of the reader. It exhibits a pleasing picture of the tranquil character of a retired and virtuous poet, whose lays may be perused for their purity of sentiment, as well as their elegance of structure. To Scott Dr. Johnson was extremely partial, and Dr. Young was a volunteer in praising his earliest performance. His Eclogues are very faithful to nature. As Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield has been justly characterised as a good picture of English manners, so the pastoral strains of Scott, disdaining *traditionary rhyme, and hereditary syllables*, exhibit an original and correct view of British scenery. He does not fancy himself under the shade of Sicilian orange groves, nor hearkening to some Amaryllis of Asia Minor. To the servile herd, who tamely follow Theocritus and Virgil, he leaves the songs of goatherds, the chirp of the cicada, and the contest for the smile of Phillis, or the pipe of Corydon. His images are the *bright reflex* of the landscape before him, where

In shady lanes red *fox-glove* bells appear,
And *golden* spikes the *downy mulleins* rear;
The *inclosure* ditch, luxuriant mallows hide,
And *branchy* succory crowds the *pathway* side.

Instead of idle prattle about meads, which only look green in *song*, he hurries you to the real fields of his native country,

Where clamorous Fieldfares seek the distant mead,
And lurking Snipes by gurgling runnels fee d,
Cantabrian hills the *purple saffron* show,
Blue fields of flax, in Lincoln's *fenland* blow,
On Kent's rich plains *green hop grounds* scent the gales,
And *apple groves* deck Hereford's golden vales.

The versification of Scott is often as grateful to the ear,

As dewy cherries to the taste in June,
As shady lanes to travellers at noon;

and, without excess of enthusiasm, we may apply to this agreeable writer a vaticination from his own works—

While Lindens sweet and spiky chesnuts blow,
While beech bears mast, on oaks while acorns grow,
So long shall last the shepherd's tuneful rhyme,
And please in every age, and every clime.]

THE LIFE OF JOHN SCOTT, ESQ.

For the life of Scott, 'the poet of Amwell,' the world is obliged to John Hoole, Esq. the translator of 'Tasso,' and editor of his *Critical Essays*, who was his intimate friend, and wrote from personal knowledge.

The facts stated in the present account, are chiefly taken from Mr. Hoole's narrative, with such additional information as the European Magazine, for 1782, the Gentleman's Magazine for 1783, and subsequent publications have supplied.

John Scott was born in the Grange-Walk, in the parish of St. Bermondsey, Southwark, Jan. 9, 1730. He was descended from two ancient and respectable families, in the counties of York and Warwick. His father, Mr. Samuel Scott, was a linen-draper, and citizen of London; a man of plain and irreproachable manners, and one of the society of the people called Quakers; among whom he was esteemed as an eminent preacher. His mother's maiden name was Martha Wilkins. He was the youngest of two sons, their only children that lived to be brought up, the rest dying very soon.

At about seven years of age, he was put under the tuition of one John Clarke, who kept a little school in Barnaby street, and used to come home to his father's house, to instruct him in the rudiments of the Latin tongue.

He himself gives the following account of his tutor:—'My Caledonian tutor's name was John Clarke; he was, I believe, a native of the Shetland islands; he was ingenious and learned, but rather a severe pedagogue; yet, in spite of the dominion which he exercised over his pupils, I respected him: and there was something in the man, and in his manner, that I even now faintly recollect with pleasure.

In 1740, being then only ten years of age, his father removing to Amwell, near Ware, in Hertfordshire, he was deprived of the benefit that might have arisen to him from the skill and attention of so able a master as Clarke; who continued to teach school, in the same place, till death carried him off, probably as little known as he had lived.

Soon after the removal of the family to Amwell, he was sent to a private day-school, kept at Ware; the master of which was named Hall, who is said to have been an admirable penman; but does not appear to have afforded, in his school, any opportunities of classical improvement.

He continued with him but a short time, and pursued his education in a lax and desultory manner; for, not having had the small pox, he was frequently kept at home, through fear of that distemper, and never persisted in a regular system of education.

Whatever disadvantages might result from these circumstances, he must have repaired, by his own application, as no mark of it is visible in his writings.

He is said to have applied himself to reading about the age of seventeen, when he discovered an ardent propensity to the study of poetry; in which he was greatly encouraged by an acquaintance which he contracted, about 1747, or 1748, with Charles Frogley, a man of strong parts, but without education, who had improved his mind by solitary reading and reflection; and had a peculiar predilection for that branch of study, which soon became the favourite pursuit of Scott.

Frogley was by trade a bricklayer: his occupation in life first introduced him into the family. A similarity of disposition soon brought on an intimacy between them, and Frogley gave his young friend the first perception of good poetry, by putting into his hands the Paradise Lost of Milton.

His father carried on, for some time, the malting trade; but lived in a very retired manner, having little intercourse with any but those of his own persuasion; who, though not without frequent instances of great ingenuity among individuals, are not often much connected with the literary part of mankind.

The neighbourhood of Amwell affording little of such society, his conversations and reflections on his favourite studies, must have been, therefore, chiefly confined to his communications with Frogley, whose critical discernment was so accurate, that he seldom found reason, in his advancing state of judgment, to dissent from the opinion of his friend.

Besides the advantage of so sincere an adviser as Frogley, he had formed an acquaintance with Mr. John Turner, who resided at Ware, and who seems first to have been introduced to him by Frogley, in 1753 or 1754.

Mr. Turner was born at Hertford, in 1734; and was removed to Ware, at about three years old, where he received the first rudiments of his education. At about sixteen years of age he was sent to London, to continue his studies at a dissenting academy, under the care of Dr. Jennings. He, however, made occasional visits to his friends at Ware, and neglected no opportunity of improving his intimacy with Scott. He passed many hours with him and Frogley; and during his absence, continued to correspond with him by letter.

It appers, from his letters, that he supplied him from time to time with books; among which are particularly mentioned, Glover's 'Leonidas,' Thomson's 'Seasons,' and Pope's original works and translations. He likewise sent him a teles-

cope, with directions how to use it; for the curiosity and desire of knowledge, in Scott, now grew every day more general.

In the company of Frogley, who was accustomed to visit him when the business of the day was over, he passed most of his evenings; and to him and his friend Turner, from time to time, he communicated his performances, receiving from them such advice as tended greatly to ripen his judgment; but he was always dissuaded from too early publication; by which many have precluded themselves from that reputation which they might otherwise have obtained.

'It has been asserted by some,' says Mr. Hoole, 'that his early poetical essays were made in consequence of a tender passion, and that love first taught him to cultivate the muses; which opinion may not only have some countenance from the smaller poems, at the end of his poetical volume, but may be farther strengthened from the correspondence between him and his friend Turner, during the residence of the latter in London and Devonshire.'

His first poetical essays appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine, to which he was afterwards a frequent contributor. His version of the 12th chapter of Ecclesiastics, intitled, 'Epidemic Mortality,' in December Magazine 1753; 'Verses occasioned by the decription of the Æolian Harp,' in November Magazine, 1754; and verses 'On Fear,' in July Magazine, 1758—are all that can be traced with certainty. He likewise wrote several Pastorals about the same time; but it cannot be known if any, or what use was made of them in his last publications.

In 1754, his elder brother Samuel, who till then had made one of the family at Amwell, was married, and went to reside at Hertford, 'in which town,' says Mr. Hoole, 'he now [1758] resides, beloved and esteemed by all, for his manly sense, unbiassed integrity, and universal philanthropy.'

In 1757, his friend Turner, who had been some time preparing for the ministry, left Dr. Jennings, on account of some difference of opinion in matters of religion, and removed to Taunton, in Somersetshire, where he finished his studies. About 1758, he became pastor of a dissenting congregation at Lympstone, in Devonshire; and about 1762, he engaged with the Rev. Mr. Hogg and another gentleman, as tutor and manager of an academy at Exeter; but he continued still to correspond with Scott, and in time of vacation paid several visits to Ware. The verses 'To an absent friend,' are supposed to have been addressed to Turner.

> While thou far hence, on Albion's southern shore,
> View'st her white rocks, and hear'st her ocean roar;
> Through scenes where we together stray'd, I stray,
> And think or talk of many a long past day.

He also addressed to him, 'Winter amusements in the Country,' an epistle, which was intended for the Gentleman's Magazine, but appeared in Pearch's collection of poems, 1770.

For about twenty years after the removal of the family to Amwell, he led a very retired life; for his father and mother being very apprehensive of the danger that might be incurred from the infection of the small-pox, he seldom went from home; and, however extraordinary it may appear, though only at the distance of twenty miles, he is said to have visted London but once during so long a period.

Though he very early acquired the friendship and esteem of a large circle of acquaintance, yet he does not appear to have been known to any literary characters till 1760; after which he began to make occasional, though cautious and short visits to London.

In the spring, 1760, being then thirty years of age, after many repeated revisals and corrections, he published his four Elegies, descriptive and moral, 4to. which were honoured with a very particular and liberal approbation, and publicly recommended by Young, Mrs. Talbot, Mrs. Carter, and other eminent characters.

When the author of the 'Night Thoughts' received a copy of the Elegies from his bookseller, he returned his acknowledgment in these words: 'Sir, I thank you for your present; I admire the poetry and piety of the author, and shall do myself the credit to recommend it to all my friends.' This praise was truly valuable, as it was not the voice of adulation to greatness, of ignorance to celebrity, or of partiality to friendship; but the sanction of learning, taste, and genius, given to modest and retired merit.

His acquaintance was now considerably enlarged, and he was introduced to several of the literati, with whom he had little or no connexion before the appearance of his Elegies. But the praise which he received upon this occasion, did not in the least excite his vanity to claim again the attention of the public. He wrote little, and printed nothing till 1768. His natural caution and diffidence seemed to increase: he always expressed the strongest sense of the necessity of frequent revisal before publication; and no writer adhered more strictly than himself, to the well-known precept of Horace—*nonum prematur in annum*.

In 1761, the small-pox being prevalent in the town of Ware, he removed for some time to St. Margarets, a small hamlet, at the distance of about two miles from Amwell, where Mr. Hoole was introduced to his acquaintance by Mr. Bennet, then master of the grammar-school at Hoddeson, where they accidentally met.

'I shall always recollect with pleasure,' says Mr. Hoole, 'my first conversation with Mr. Scott at St. Margarets, where he showed me the early sketch of his poem of Amwell, which he then called a 'Prospect of Ware, and the country adjacent.' This sketch was afterwards greatly enlarged before its appearance in 1776; and, in the course of our conversation, he showed me several manuscript pieces, some of which were made part of his poetical volume.'

Having found the frequent disadvantages and inconveniencies arising from his apprehension of the small-pox, which prevented him from mixing frequently with the world, and improving that acquaintance at London, of which his increasing reputation and love of knowledge made him now more desirous, he resolved at once to remove every fear of that distemper, by submitting to the operation of inoculation, which he accordingly did, under the care of Mr. Dimsdale, in 1776, with Mr. Joseph Cockfield, a gentleman with whom he had lived for some years in great intimacy, and to whom he addressed his 12th Ode. He writes to a friend, that 'they had not one day's confinement, though sufficient tokens to secure them from future fear or danger.'

About this time, Mr. Hoole introduced him to the acquaintance of his friend Dr. Johnson; 'and notwithstanding,' says his biographer, 'the great difference of their political principles, Scott had too much love for goodness and genius, not to be highly gratified in the opportunity of cultivating a friendship with that great exemplar of human virtues, and that great veteran of human learning; while the Doctor, with a mind superior to the distinction of party, delighted with equal complacency in the amiable qualities of Scott, of whom he always spoke with feeling regard.

He had a very early passion for gardening; and in 1765 and 1766, he amused himself in laying out and embellishing a few acres of his own ground, which are thought not unworthy the attention of strangers, who come accidentally into that neighbourhood. His friend, Turner, procured him fossils and shells for the completion of this work, in which he frequently exerted his own manual labour; and he told Mr. Hoole, that, in making the excavation under the hill for the subterraneous passage, he marched first, like a pioneer, with his pick-axe in his hand, to encourage his rustic assistants. These pleasure grounds have given rise to an epistle intitled 'The Garden.'

In 1766, he lost his mother, who died on the 14th of December, aged eighty years. A Sonnet to her is said to have been found among his manuscripts.

In 1767, he was married to Sarah Frogley, the daughter of his friend Frogley, of whom such deserved and honourable mention has been made. The bride was, previous to her nuptials, admitted a member of the society to which he belonged; and the nuptials were celebrated at the Quaker's meeting-house, at Cheshut, in Hertfordshire.

The connexion between Scott and Frogley being strengthened by this marriage, Scott showed many acts of kindness to the companion of his early studies, to whom he always continued firmly attached; of which attachment he has left a public testimony in his 11th Ode, addressed to a friend, apprehensive of declining friendship; which seems to have been written in order to dissipate some little uneasiness that might have arisen in the mind of Frogley, from a fear of being neglected by Scott.

> Too much, in man's imperfect state,
> Mistake produces useless pain;
> Methinks on friendship's frequent fate,
> I hear my Frogley's voice complain—
>
> Deem not that Time's oblivious hand
> From Memory's page has raz'd the days,
> By Lee's green verge we wont to stand,
> And on his crystal current gaze.

He was now to experience the most severe stroke he had ever met with; after having lost his father, who died in February 1768, in the 84th year of his age, he was deprived of his wife, who died in childbed, in the same year, leaving behind her a child, of which she had been delivered, that died the following August.

Till the death of his mother, his life seems to have run in one even tenor, calm and unruffled; but he was now called to an exertion of that philosophy, which made no inconsiderable part of his character. For some time after the death of his wife, he retired to the house of his friend Cockfield, at Upton, that, removed from those scenes which perpetually awakened every tender idea, his mind might, by degrees, recover its tranquillity. Of this circumstance he speaks in his 12th Ode, addressed to him.

> 'Twas when Misfortune's stroke severe,
> And Melancholy's presence drear,
> Had made my Amwell's groves displease,
> That thine my weary steps receiv'd,
> And much the change my mind reliev'd,
> And much thy kindness gave me ease, &c.

When the first violence of his grief began to settle into a sedate and gentle sorrow, he solaced his lonely hours by composing an Elegy to the memory of one who had been so dear to him. If we were to estimate the poignancy of his grief by his pathetic performance, we cannot doubt the ardour of a passion, which is, of all others, the most tender and sympathetic.

The Elegy was written at Amwell, in 1768; a few copies only were printed, and privately distributed among his friends. At his desire, Mr. Hoole presented a copy to Dr. Hawkesworth, who spoke of it in the highest terms of commendation. A copy also was sent to Langhorne, whose first

wife died in childbed the same month that proved fatal to the wife of Scott; a similarity of circumstance, to which he alludes, and to his pathetic 'Verses, written at Sandgate Castle, in memory of a Lady,' in the following stanzas:

Nor mine alone to bear this painful doom;
Nor she alone the tear of song obtains:
The Muse of Blagdon, o'er Constantia's tomb,
In all the eloquence of grief complains.

My friend's fair hope, like mine, so lately gain'd,
His heart, like mine, in its true partner blest;
Both from one cause the same distress sustain'd;
The same sad hours beheld us both distrest.

This similarity of circumstance and congenial affliction, gave rise to a friendship between these two poets, which was only interrupted by the death of the amiable Langhorne.

In 1769, he met with another loss, in the death of his friend Turner, the companion and associate of his early studies with Frogley. This amiable and ingenious man died, universally lamented, at Colliton, in Devonshire, on the 30th of June, in the 35th year of his age. He possessed considerable natural abilities, and much acquired knowledge, with a candid disposition and elegant taste; and by the general tenor of his correspondence with Scott, appears to have been always of a religious and studious turn. A pathetic tribute is paid to his memory by Scott, in his poem of Amwell, speaking of the several losses, which he had experienced in the death of his friends:

Of thee, my Turner, who, in vacant youth,
Here oft in converse free, or studious search
Of classic lore, accompany'd my walk!
From Ware's green bowers to Devon's myrtle vales,
He mov'd awhile with prospect op'ning fair,
Of useful life and honour in his view;
As falls the vernal bloom before the breath
Of blasting Eurus, immature he fell!
The tidings reach'd my ear, and in my breast,
Aching with recent wounds, new anguish wak'd.

On the 1st of November, 1770, he was married, at the Quaker meeting-house at Ratcliffe, to his second wife, Mary De Horne, daughter of the late Abraham De Horne; a lady whose amiable qualities promised him many years of uninterrupted happiness.

About the year 1771, he became acquainted with Dr. Beattie, who paid him two visits at his house at Amwell, one in 1773, and the other in 1781. A similarity of taste and of pursuits soon brought on an intimacy between these two poets, which continued, without abatement, till the death of Scott.

His settled residence was at Amwell, in the same house where his father resided, when he first retired from London, and which he afterwards greatly enlarged; but he every year spent a considerable part of the winter, and sometimes a week in summer, at a house which he had at Ratcliffe Cross. By his visits to London, the number of his literary friends had been considerably increased. He was introduced to the elegant Mrs. Montague, at whose house he became first acquainted with Lyttleton; and whose defence of 'Shakspeare's injur'd page' from 'Gallic rage,' he has praised in his 'Ode to Criticism,' He had been visited at Amwell by the celebrated Mrs. Macaulay, the 'faithful advocate for freedom;' to whom he addressed 'Stanzas on reading her History of England,' 1766; first printed with five Sonnets in Pearch's Collection of Poems, 1770. He was known to Dr. Hawkesworth, Sir William Jones, James Boswell, Esq. and to the Rev. Mr. Potter, the excellent translator of Æschylus and Euripides; and Mickle, whose well-known masterly translation of the Lusiad of Camoens, the epic poet of Portugal,' he has praised in his Ode on Poetical Enthusiasm.

While he resided in the country, he divided his time between the improvement of his pleasure grounds, the occupations of study, and the public business in the vicinity of his residence. He was very constant in his attendance at turnpike meetings, navigation trusts, and commissioners of land tax. He took the lead in several undertakings, in which his plans proved successful. Ware and Hertford are indebted to him for opening a spacious road between those towns, which was undertaken in 1768, and is justly esteemed one of the greatest conveniencies in that part of the country; and, by his attention and diligence, alterations have been made in the principal streets of Ware, to the great improvement of that town.

(To be Continued.)

MISCELLANY.

[Many of the Editor's countrymen look with an eager and passionate enthusiasm for every minute circumstance, which can reflect light or lustre on the character of Dr. Benjamin Franklin. To gratify this inquisitive humour for petty anecdote and domestic history, the following letter is preserved in the Port Folio. It has been recently addressed, by Dr. Priestley, to the editor of the London Monthly Magazine, a well-known miscellany, conducted by men, dissenting from the church, or disaffected to the state]

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

Sir,

I have just read in the monthly Review, vol. 36, p. 357, that the late Mr. Pennant said of Dr. Franklin, that, "living under the protection of our mild government, he was secretly playing the incendiary, and too successfully inflaming the minds of our fellow-subjects in America, till that great explosion happened, which forever disunited us from our once happy colonies."

As it is in my power, as far as my testimony will be regarded, to refute this charge, I think it due to our friendship to do it. It is probable that no person, now living, was better acquainted with Dr. Franklin, and his sentiments on all subjects of importance, than myself, for several years before the American war. I think I knew him as well as one man can generally know another. At that time I spent the winters in London, in the family of the Marquis of Lansdown, and few days passed without my seeing more or less of Dr. Franklin; and the last day that he passed in England, having given out that he should depart, the day before we spent together, without any interruption, from morning till night.

Now he was so far from wishing for a rupture with the colonies, that he did more than most men would have done to prevent it. His constant advice to his countrymen, he always said was "to bear every thing from England, however unjust;' saying, that 'it could not last long, as they would soon outgrow all their hardships.' On this account Dr. Price, who then corresponded with some of the principal persons in America, said, he began to be very unpopular there. He always said, 'if there must be a war, it will be a war of ten years, and I shall not live to see the end of it.' This I have heard him say many times.

It was at his request, enforced by that of Dr. Fothergil, that I wrote an anonymous pamphlet calculated to shew the injustice and impolicy of a war with the colonies, previous to the meeting of a new Parliament. As I then lived at Leeds, he corrected the press himself; and, to a passage in which I lamented the attempt to establish arbitrary power, in so large a part of the British empire, he added the following clause:—'To the imminent hazard of our most valuable commerce, and of that national strength, security, and felicity, which depend on union and on liberty.'

The unity of the British empire, in all its parts, was a favourite idea of his. He used to compare it to a beautiful China vase, which, if once broken, could never be put together again: and so great an admirer was he, at that time, of the British constitution, that he said he saw no inconvenience from its being extended over a great part of the globe. With these sentiments he left England; but when, on his arrival in America, he found the war begun, and that there was no receding, no man entered more warmly into the interests of what he then considered as *his country*, in opposition to that of Great Britain. Three of his letters to me, one written immediately on his landing, and published in the collection of his Miscellaneous works, p. 365, 552, and 555, will prove this.

By many persons Dr. Franklin is considered as having been a cold-hearted man, so callous to every feeling of humanity, that the prospect of all the horrors of a civil war could not affect him. This was far from being the case. A great part of the day above-mentioned, that we spent together, he was looking over a number of American newspapers, directing me what to extract from them for the English ones; and, in reading them, he was frequently not able to proceed for the tears literally running down his cheeks. To strangers he was cold and reserved; but where he was intimate, no man indulged to more pleasantry and good humour. By this he was the delight of a club, to which he alludes in one of the letters above referred to, called the *Whig-Club*, that met at the London Coffee-house, of which Dr. Price, Dr. Kippis, Mr. John Lee, and others, of the same stamp, were members.

Hoping that this vindication of Dr. Franklin will give pleasure to many of your readers, I shall proceed to relate some particulars relating to his behaviour when Lord Loughborough, then Mr. Wedderburn, pronounced his violent invective against him at the Privy Council, on his presenting the complaints of the province of Massachusetts (I think it was) against their Governor. Some of the particulars may be thought amusing.

On the morning of the day on which the cause was to be heard, I met Mr. Burke, in Parliament street, accompanied by Dr. Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle; and after introducing us to each other, as men of letters, he asked me whither I was going; I said, I could tell him whither I *wished* to go. He then asking me where that was, I said to the Privy Council, but that I was afraid I could not get admission. He then desired me to go along with him. Accordingly I did; but when we got to the anti-room, we found it quite filled wirh persons as desirous of getting admission as ourselves. Seeing this, I said, we should never get through the crowd. He said, 'Give me your arm;' and, locking it fast in his, he soon made his way to the door of the Privy Council. I then said, 'Mr. Burke, you are an excellent leader; he replied, 'I wish other persons thought so too.'

After waiting a short time, the door of the Privy Council opened, and we entered the first; when Mr. Burke took his stand behind the first chair next to the President, and I behind that the next to his. When the business was opened, it was sufficiently evident, from the speech of Mr. Wedderburn, who was counsel for the governor, that the real object of the court was to insult Dr. Franklin. All this time he stood in a corner of the room, not far from me, without the least apparent emotion.

Mr. Dunning, who was the leading counsel on the part of the colony, was so hoarse, that he could hardly make himself heard; and Mr. Lee, who was the second, spoke but feebly in reply; so that Mr. Wedderburne had a complete triumph. At the sallies of his sarcastic wit, all the members

of the council, the president himself (Lord Gower) not excepted, frequently laughed outright. No person, belonging to the council, behaved with decent gravity, except Lord North, who, coming late, took his stand behind the chair opposite to me.

When the business was over, Dr. Franklin, in going out, took me by the hand in a manner that indicated some feeling. I soon followed him, and, going through the anti-room, saw Mr. Wedderburn there, surrounded with a circle of his friends and admirers. Being known to him, he stepped forward as if to speak to me; but I turned aside, and made what haste I could out of the place.

The next morning I breakfasted with the Dr. when he said, 'he had never before been so sensible of the power of a good conscience; for that if he had not considered the thing, for which he had been so much insulted, as one of the best actions of his life, and what he should certainly do again, in the same circumstances, he could not have supported it.' He was accused of clandestinely procuring certain letters, containing complaints against the governor, and sending them to America, with a view to excite their animosity against him, and thus to embroil the two countries. But he assured me, that he did not even know that such letters existed, till they were brought to him as agent for the colony, in order to be sent to his constituents: and the cover on the letters, on which the directions had been written, being lost, he only guessed at the person to whom they were addressed, by the contents.

That Dr. Franklin, notwithstanding he did not shew it at the time, was much impressed by the business of the Privy Council, appeared from this circumstance:—When he attended there, he was dressed in a suit of Manchester velvet; and Silas Deane told me, that, when they met at Paris, to sign the treaty between France and America, he purposely put on that suit.

Hoping that this communication will be of some service to the memory of Dr. Franklin, and gratify his friends, I am, sir, yours, &c.

J. PRIESTLEY.

Northumberland, Nov. 10, 1803.

[The following remarks upon that hateful hopochondria, so grievous to many a student, will be read with pleasure and profit. Dr. Aiken prescribes in the character of a philosopher as well as physician, and when he recommends occupation to the afflicted, he suggests the use of a better medicine than any that the chymist can compound, or the druggist sell.]

ON SPLEEN AND LOW SPIRITS.

[*From Aikin's Letters.*]

So general, is the evil of low spirits in certain conditions, that I consider it as the grand leveller of human life....the malignant spell that renders all the distinctions of rank, knowledge and understanding, almost totally inefficacious in creating those differences of degree in happiness that should seem almost necessarily to result from them. It is that which makes the splendid palace and luxurious banquet of the nobleman less pleasant to him than his poor hut and coarse meal to the labourer;....which defeats the well imagined schemes of enjoyment from liberal curiosity and literary leisure;....which infuses listlessness and disgust amid the most studied refinement of publick amusement;....which, in short, sooner or later, gives convincing proof of the vanity of expecting to live happily by living only to be entertained.

Were I to treat medically upon this subject, I should lay a very particular stress upon temperance as the grand prophylactick; and I should make the word import much more than its usual signification. A plentiful dinner every day on a variety of dishes, with a bottle of wine to wash it down, seems in the common opinion perfectly compatible with a plan of strict temperance; and if it be preceded by a regular morning's ride to get a hearty appetite for this dinner, every thing is thought to have been done that men could do for the preservation of health and spirits. Let gout and hypochondria come when they will, the mode of living is not to be blamed, ...the one is hereditary, the other constitutional. This doctrine may pass for orthodox in the medico moral casuistry of a visitation or corporation feast; but it is nevertheless indubitably true, that such a good liver has no more right to expect equal and unclouded spirits, than a minister of state has, an unspotted reputation and clear conscience. But I shall dwell no longer on this topick, and proceed to that part of the regimen which relates more immediately to the mind.

This rests upon a simple foundation; for were I asked, upon what circumstance the prevention of low spirits chiefly depended, I should borrow the ancient orator's mode of enforcing the leading principle of his art, and reply, employment, employment, employment! This is the grand panacea for the taedium vitae, and all the train of fancied evils, which prove so much more insupportable than real ones. It is a medicine that may be presented in a thousand forms, all equally efficacious. It may be compounded of all the different proportions of mental and bodily exertion; nay, it may be solely the one or the other, provided it be employment. For I will not hesitate to assert, that to have the mind ardently engaged in a pursuit that totally excludes exercise of the body, is much more favourable to the spirits, than a languid mixture of both.

We are apt to pity a person occupied by humour or necessity in a task which we think dull and tiresome. Our compassion is here misplaced. No task heartily entered upon can be tiresome, and a business is always better than an amusement. I have no doubt that Dr. Johnson was much happier while compiling his dictionary, than in the luxurious indolence of Streatham. And what but a consciousness of the necessity of employment to his comfort could have induced him, in the last years of his melancholy life, to make serious proposals for a translation of Thuanus? A late translator of Homer, whose admirable original productions have led many to lament that he should have been so employed has in truly pathetick language taken an affectionate leave of his long work, as the sweet solace of many and many an hour, which by its means was made to glide by uncounted. And, I fear, the innate melancholy of genius has rendered him too good a judge of the value of such relief. For answering this purpose, the species of employment must be one which does not strain the faculties to the highest pitch; for such an exertion can be supported, by common minds, at least, only during a short proportion of time. A steady equable occupation, requiring rather care and diligence, than flights of fancy or the powers of invention, is the proper staple (if I may so call it) of a well employed life.

With respect to the numerous body of those who may be idle if they please, they will find considerable difficulty, as well in the choice of proper employment, as in the exertion of resolution enough for the vigorous performance of a spontaneous task. A majority of them will, therefore, be doomed to the intrusions of Spleen at intervals when neither active pleasure nor business preserves the mind from its attacks. But this is no other than the necessary consequence of situations of life wholly artificial, and which make no part of the original plan of human nature. They who are ambitious of stations in which there are no duties to perform, no incitements to exertion, must not expect to possess that constant cheerfulness, which is the solace of toil, and the reward of useful activity. Providence certainly never intended to make such a difference between creatures of its hand, as that some should live only to enjoy, while others lived only to be the ministers of their enjoyments. Though in an advanced stage of society many must be exempted from the sentence of eating their bread in the sweat of their brow, yet it is an immutable decree that the oil of gladness shall brighten the face of industry alone.

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[The following picture of the degraded situation of the modern French is drawn by one too well acquainted with the subject to be deceived himself, and too honest to attempt to impose on others. For a copy of this valuable delineation we are indebted to the American translator, a politician, whose searching eye can perceive the inbred corruption of Democracy, and whose powerful hand can pluck off its deceptive vizor. To all the recent misrepresentations, in the Aurora, respecting the flourishing and happy state of the French nation, the following plain narrative is a complete answer. BUTLER, somewhere, tells us "no argument like *matter of fact* is." Any thing that *jacobins* and *fanatics* may say to the contrary notwithstanding, it is notorious, to all honest and impartial observers, that the people of *regenerated* France are "poor and miserable, and blind and naked." It is equally notorious that the present humiliation and misery of the French people are the natural and direct consequences of their rebellion from legitimate power, and of their desperate schemes, equally foolish and execrable, of councils of dotards, and councils of infants, of *popular* councils of five hundred, and *military* councils of a million. In the words of the orator, they have met their punishment in their success.....In the words of an inspired orator, they have sown the east wind, and they *reap the whirlwind.* They set up a republican calf in Samaria, and it is ground to pieces. They forsook an old castle, and erected a hurricane house. They are overwhelmed and grovelling among the vile rubbish of their constitutions; and, until they repent, and be ashamed of their democratic devices, they deserve not the commisseration of mankind.]

PICTURE OF FRANCE, IN 1801.

Extracted from "Analyses des proces verbaux des Conseils, session de l'anne 9." (1801). By citizen Chaptal, minister for the home department.——On account of the shocking, though true, picture of the *great nation* it gives, this book has been *suppressed.*

LAND-TAX, in the department of the *Scheld*, (formerly a part of Austrian Flanders). This department, in extent, is a 230th part of the republic; it pays a 58th part of the land-tax." *So much for French liberty, and refusing to grant their lawful sovereign a moderate tax, to enable him to defend them.*

Manche. The land-tax amounts to one half of the net rent. *Rhone.* In many of the communes it amounts to two thirds of the net rent. *Saone* (haute). In granting new leases, the proprietors of lands are obliged to lower their rents a 4th or a 5th below its amount in 1790.

AGRICULTURE.

Sarre. Agriculture is entirely neglected. For want of markets, the farmers are obliged to sow no more than suffices for their families, and their cattle.

SHEEP.

Seine (inferieure). The number of sheep is diminished one third since 1790.

WOLVES.

Aisne. The number of wolves is greatly increased.—*Cantal*, the increase of wolves is very alarming.—*Lovret;* Wolves have multiplied to an alarming extent; the damage they commit is incalculable.—*Vendee;* Wolves attack the cattle, and carry them off, even from their stalls.

COMMERCE.

Finisterre. Foreign commerce is annihilated. Three fourths of our coasters have been captur-

ed or destroyed. *Manche.* The only remains of our commerce is a few fishing boats, and a few privateers. *Mont Tonnere.* Smuggling is become very injurious to our commerce; the custom-house officers are engaged in this traffic.

Hospitals.

Bouches du Rhone. All the hospitals in this department are in a wretched state. *Creuse:* the state of the hospitals is worse than it was last year; they will soon cease to exist. *Gard:* the distress of the hospitals, in this department, is general.

They require, annually,	Livres	230,479
Their revenues amout to	-	98,838
They are in arrear -	-	213,951
They have lost - - -	-	1,861,760

Landes. The hospitals are threatened with total destruction: the sick can procure neither food nor medicine.

Foundlings.

Allier. The nurses have five years wages due to them; they will, therefore, receive no more foundlings. Nine tenths are lost. *Cantal.* Extreme penury obliges this department to feed its foundlings with goat's milk. Seven eighths die before they are one year old. *Charonte* (inferieure). Of two hundred infants, received at Saintes, one only has lived—*Creuse.* Twelve or fifteen are suckled by two nurses. *Pyrennes* (hautes). Between the years 2 and 9, 3066 infants were received into the hospital at Tarbes: there are only 124 alive.

Solicitations for Relief.

Gard. The landholders are ruined, and even no longer cultivate their vineyards. An immense number of the labourers are without bread, and are reduced to desperation. *Nord.* The fields have been stripped, the proprietors plundered, their houses burnt; and yet the inexorable collectors of the revenue insist on receiving the taxes.

Prisons.

Aveyron. The dungeons at Ville Franche are so damp, that straw, placed there, rots immediately. No where are the women separated from the men, or the convicted from those who are simply detained.—*Bouches du Rhone.* When the Rhone is high, the waters filter through the walls, and inundate the cells at Tarascon. No one comes out without a rheumatism for life.—*Manche.* The prison at Mortain has no roof: the court-yard of this prison is a complete common sewer.—*Marne.* The prison is in such a state that the prisoners are threatened with instant death by its fall.—*Oise.* A dungeon, 10 feet square, 5 feet high, and 7 feet below the level of the ground, constitutes the prison at Brateuil. The innocent, the accused, and convicted, without distinction of age or sex, are all heaped together in this horrid tomb. During the year 9 it has received altogether 2278 prisoners.

Great Roads.

The roads, in every direction, are impassable. *Vosges.* The roads are so entirely ruined, that the country people carry off the stones to build houses, or to form enclosures.—*Var.* The roads are a muddy abyss, which sometimes swallows up carriages, horses, and drivers.

Cross-Roads.

Maine and *Loire.* The roads are so execrable, that some communes have no intercourse with one another.—*Nord.* So bad that they can hardly be said to exist.

Canals.

Yonne. The canal of Burgundy, which has cost 16,000,000 (£600,000 sterling) is falling in ruins. The money it cost will be all thrown away, if the completion is not speedily attended to.

Ports.

The works at Cherbourg have been neglected. and are in a state of ruin. Bridges are as bad as the roads.

Public Instruction.

Aisne. All the schools have been sold: the children are left in a state of idleness and vagrancy; they have no idea of a supreme being, and no notion of right and wrong.—*Forets.* Few persons, in the country, can sign their names.—*Meuse* (inferieure). It is to be feared that in 15 years not one person, in a hundred, will be able to write.

Registers.

Arriege. Not only ignorance, but wilful misstatements are found in the registers. To save persons from military conscription, entries have been made from which it appears that a woman, sixty years old, has married thirty-six conscripts; and a mother, six years old, has been delivered of a son.

From the Moniteur of Feb. 18, 1802.

Born in wedlock	14829	——Marriages	3,826
Bastardy	4,841	——Divorces	720
Died in their own houses	12,510.		
——in hospitals	8,257.		
Found dead in the street	201.		

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM DR. FRANKLIN, SILAS DEAN, ARTHUR L E &c.

Paris, January 29th. 1777.

My dear friend may be assured, that the omission of writing to him for so long a time, either by Mr. D——, or myself, was not in the least owing to any want of respect, or change of sentiment towards him, but merely from the extreme hurry we have been engaged in ever since my arrival, which has prevented our writing to many other of our correspondents. I now enclose several letters, one of which was wrote by me when in Philadelphia, and sent via Martinique; Mr. Deane has but this day received it; another that I wrote soon after my arrival, which has been mislaid.

I hope you and yours are in good health, and good spirits, as we are, not doubting of the success of our affairs, with God's blessing. We have nothing to complain of here.

I have taken a lodging at Passy, where I shall be in a few days, and hope there to find a little leisure, free from the perpetual interruption I suffer here, by the crowds continually coming in, some offering goods, others soliciting offices in our army, &c. I shall then be able to write you fully. Be of good cheer, and don't believe half of what you read in the English gazettes.

With great esteem, I am ever,
Your most obedient servant,

B. Franklin.

Paris, March—1777.

My Dear Sir,

I thank you at once for your letter and your advice, but the obscurity of my expression led you into an error. There are certainly other ways of seeking death than by suicide, and I have always admired Leonidas more than Cato. I admire the thanks of a Roman senate to a general who saved himself from an unfortunate battle, for not having despaired of his country's safety; that of mine occupies, and will, I hope, occupy my latest moments; but, in a state of such horrible suspence, if I feel uneasy, the cause must plead my apology. The *statue* could not be repaired. I begin to believe in the Persian creed of two contesting deities. I believe many of our ideas of the divinity, with the *vulgar*, at least, are taken from what we see on earth. For instance the parties, in court, gave the idea of the good and bad angels. I believe in courts, however, the latter generally prevail. I am heartily tired to see great men act like mere mortals. When it comes to be known, a century hence, that France and Spain hesitate to ruin a rival and enemy; what occasion it will give to panegyrists to enlarge on the Christian forbearance of princes of the 18th century. For my part, as I am but an unbeliever, I never expected such forbearance. I have, in consequence, deceived my countrymen, and shall take the only honourable step left me—undeceive them as soon as possible. For which reason I purpose to quit Europe as soon as I see the reinforcements from England sail in quiet; for that will be a test to me that we must depend on ourselves, and every American will be of more avail in his own country, than spending his time, in idle solicitations, in Europe. Heavens! that the possible consequences of such irresolution should not be seen by men of common understanding! It requires but an effort of generosity in Great Britain, and the whole martial spirit of our continent might be in their hands. But this effort must appear the effect of good will, and not of apprehension; and surely if made, when left unmolested to exert its whole force, and that of her allies against us, it will be attended with effects surprising in the pages of history. That something of this kind is in agitation, I barely venture to write you—but it is of too delicate a nature to trust to this paper. Various channels have been essayed to sound some of your friends, but nothing will be attended to of that nature, by some of them, as long as there is a possible hope of fixing their affairs, forever, on a broad base. That hope will not desert me but with life, for I have a presentiment, notwithstanding all the mortifying discouragements we meet with, that I shall still see the standard of Liberty, displayed by the hands of Victory, in America. At present that is the case, for Howe is obliged to abandon his late conquests, and to seek his safety in the island of New-York.

Will you be so obliging to make every possible inquiry about the troops about to quit Germany, in the English service. I am confident England knows this court so well, that their apprehensions will not be so strong as to keep 500 men at home, the less for the Brest fleet, or the troops on the coast of Britainny. Dr. Franklin is in the country and well. Mr. Deane presents respects. We are told, that the Duke of Wirtemberg has been induced to hire his troops to England, by the mediation of the King of Prussia—I wish this prince and the Emperor would leave F and S— to maul England handsomely, while they swallowed up all these petty captains of....., or worse than African slave sellers.

I am, dear St. John, your faithful
disciple and friend, in the cause,

Wm. Carmichael.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Costow, an eminent French sculptor, executed in an admirable manner, the figures of two horses on the terrace of Marly, at the head of the watering place. They are his greatest work, and have been preferred to those of the Monte Cavallo at Rome. While he was employed about them, a pretended connoisseur remarked to him that the bridles ought to have been more on the slates. "Sir, replied Costow, if you had come a moment sooner, you would have found them as you desire; but these horses have such tender mouths, that it was changed in the twinkling of an eye."

To those, who are superstitiously fond of old legends the following ballad from the Spanish will be agreeable.

From the Spanish Legend. Flos Sanctorum, por Alonzo de Villegas.

OLD CHRISTOVAL's ADVICE,
And the reason why he gave it.

If the debtor be poor, old Christoval cried,
  Exact not too hardly thy due,
For he who preserves a poor man from want
  May preserve him from wickedness too.

If thy neighbour should sin, old Christoval cried,
  Never never unmerciful be!
For remember it is by the mercy of God
  That thou art not as wicked as he.

At sixty and seven the hope of heaven
  Is my comfort, old Christoval cried,
But if God had cut me off in my youth
  I might not have gone there when I died.

You shall have the farm, young Christoval,
  My good master Henrique said,
But a surety provide, in whom I can confide,
  That duly the rent shall be paid.

I was poor and I had not a friend on earth,
  And I knew not what to say,
We stood by the porch of St. Andre's church,
  And it was on St. Isidro's day.

Accept for my surety St. Isidro,
  I ventur'd to make reply,
The saint in heaven may perhaps be my friend,
  But friendless on earth am I.

We enter'd the church and came to his grave,
  And I fell on my bended knee;
I am friendless, holy St. Isidro,
  And I venture to call upon thee.

I call upon thee my surety to be,
  Thou knowest my honest intent,
And if ever I break my plighted word
  Let thy vengeance make me repent!

I was idle, the day of payment came on,
  And I had not the money in store.
I fear'd the wrath of St. Isidro,
  But I fear'd Henrique more.

On a dark night I took my flight
  And hastily fled away,
It chanced by St. Andre's church
  The road I had chosen lay.

As I pass'd the door I thought what I had swore
  Upon St. Isidro's day,
And I seem'd to fear because he was near,
  And faster I hasten'd away.

So all night long I hurried on
  Pacing full many a mile,
I knew not his avenging hand
  Was on me all the while.

Weary I was, and safe I thought,
  But when it was day-light
I had I found been running round
  And round the church all night.

I shook like a palsy and fell on my knees
  And for pardon devoutly I pray'd:
When my master came up—what Christoval,
  You are here betimes, he said.

I have been idle, good master! I cried,
  Good master and I have been wrong,
And I have been running round the church
  In penance all night long.

If thou hast been idle, Henrique said,
  Go home and thy fault amend;
I will not oppress thee Christoval,
  May the Saint thy labour befriend.

Homeward I went a penitent,
  And I never was idle more;
St. Isidro blest my industry
  As he punish'd my fault before.

When my debtor was poor, old Christoval said,
  I have never exacted my due,
I remembered Henrique was good to me
  And copied his goodness too.

When my neighbour has sinn'd, old Christoval said,
  I have ever forgiven his sin,
For I thought of the night by St. Andre's church
  And remember'd what I might have been.

The ensuing lines are descriptive of the spirit of the English sailors, amid the threats of invasion.

When angry nations rush to arms,
  And dare Britannia's peace molest,
While discord sends her dire alarms
  And fills with rage each hostile breast,
The gallant tar at honour's call
  Springs forth to meet his country's foes,
And fix'd to conquer or to fall,
  His breast with martial ardour glows.

PROLOGUE
To Dr. Valpy's alteration of King John,
Performed at Covent-Garden theatre.
Written by H. J. Pye, Esq.....spoken by Mr. Brunton.

To Night our scene from British annals, shews
How British warriors brav'd their country's foes;
Whether their hardy bands with martial toil
Dar'd the proud Gaul upon his native soil,
And by his ravag'd plains and prostrate tow'rs
Led in triumphant march their conq'ring pow'rs,
Or, on their own insulted fields, defied
The whelming deluge of Invasion's tide.

The muse dramatic, with an angel's tongue,
Proclaims the ills from civil discord sprung.
When bound by union, England's heroes stand,
Dread of each wave-worn shore and hostile land;
When warp'd by faction....sunk, dismay'd....they mourn
Their fairest wreaths by foreign inroad torn.....
Then be this truth on every English breast
In adamantine characters impress'd:
"That England never did and never shall"
Bow to a victor foe's inglorious thrall,
Till her own sons, seduc'd by faction's sound,
Aim at her heart the parricidal wound.

Far now such fear.... If specious arts awhile
Lure some misguided sons of Albion's isle
To think those train'd to bend the suppliant knee
Could teach the manly Britons to be free.....
The fiend awhile, in Freedom's semblance dress'd,
In all his native horrors stands confess'd;
And still o'er fertile Gallia's weeping land
Despotic empire waves his iron hand.

Britons be firm.....*Be* firm?... .We know ye *are!*
Pride of the field! the thunderbolts of war!
And when the sword insulted valour draws,
When sacred justice combats in our cause,
While the fam'd charter, offspring of the days
The awful æra which our scene displays,
Beams now with bright effulgence o'er the land,
Protected by a monarch's guardian hand,
Tho' Europe tremble at the Gauls' alarms,
"Come the three corners of the world in arms,"
That force the Island Queen's united form
"Smiles at the whirlwind and derides the storm."

CANZONET,
Imitated from the French of CHARLEVAL.

Reclin'd on beds of fragrant flowers
  Where winds the murmuring stream along
Alone, I pass the tranquil hours,
  And hear the simple woodland song.

So sweet this spot, where comes no care
  I'd not for worlds its charms resign:
But O, Ianthe, dearest fair!
  Most gladly for one kiss of thine.

On a Garland, presented to .....

When time was entwining the garland of years,
  Which to crown my beloved was given;
Though some of the leaves might be sullied with tears,
  Yet the flowers were all gather'd in heaven.

And long may this garland be sweet to the eye,
  May its verdure forever be new,
Young love shall enrich it with many a sigh,
  And pity shall nurse it with dew.

Dr. Wilson, senior fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, "rejoiced in a pun." Mr. Burke happened to meet him one evening in a short coat, the Doctor immediately observing that his friend did not know him in that guise, exclaimed,

....Brevis esse laboro
obscurus fio.

SONNET,
To William Wilberforce, Esquire. By COWPER.

Thy country, Wilberforce, with just disdain,
Hears thee, by cruel men and impious, call'd
Fanatic, for thy zeal to loose th' enthrall'd
From exile, public sale, and slav'ry's chain,
Friend of the poor, the wrong'd, the fetter-gall'd,
Fear not lest labour such as thine be vain!
Thou hast atchiev'd a part; hast gain'd the ear
Of Britain's senate to thy glorious cause;
Hope smiles, joy springs, and tho' cold caution pause
And weave delay, the better hour is near,
That shall remunerate thy toils severe
By peace for Afric, fenc'd with British laws.
Enjoy what thou hast won, esteem and love
From all the just on earth, and all the blest above!

In a blank leaf of Young's Night Thoughts, a work which it is said Burke had by rote, that eloquent orator inscribed the following couplet.

Jove claim'd the verse old Homer sung,
But GOD himself inspir'd Young.

TO THE PUBLIC.

It is incident to many, who, from remote quarters of the Union, apply for this paper, to forget, or mistake its conditions. The postage of letters is not always paid, and the receipt of five dollars, a very moderate charge for the great quantity of matter contained in the Port Folio, is not only procrastinated, but taxed by the Post Office, with a sum which not infrequeutly deducts 20 per cent from the price of the paper. This is so inconvenient and injurious to the Editor, that he is obliged to repeat, distinctly, that the price of this paper is five dollars annually, payable in advance, and it is requested of every newsubscriber that he inclose the stipulated sum, in a letter, post paid.

Gentlemen, who receive files of London papers, or a series of any of the Magazines and Reviews, published in London, Edinburgh, or Dublin, are respectfully solicited to transmit them, occasionally, to the Editor. The literary journals of Europe supply most valuable and shining materials for such a miscellany as the Port Folio, and in the conducting of that paper the Editor has continual occasion to recur to foreign sources of information and amusement. With respect to the English newspapers it is immaterial to the Editor whether they be new or old. Our merchants, daily journalists, and politicians, are naturally eager for the most recent news; *but the Editor is chiefly studious of miscellaneous information concerning literature and the fine arts, together with the manners, habits, and characteristics of the age.*

Subscribers to the Port Folio, solicitous for sets from the commencement of the work, are notified, that new editions of some of the initial papers having been printed, a few copies of the first volume may be had at No. 25, North Second Street.

The *third* edition of the Prospectus is just printed. Our agents may be supplied, *gratis*, with copies for distribution.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE FRENCH.

A gambler laid one night awake,
Reflecting what he next should stake,
His every stiver gone;
No cash, *of course*, no friends were left,
His rooms of furniture bereft,
Coat, hat, and wig in pawn.

Thus pondering—in the room he spied
A thief, to whom he cooly cried,
"My *honest* friend, away!
'Pon honour, keen must be thy sight,
If thou discover'st aught, by night,
When I find nought by day."

Mercutio.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONNET.

Nescio qua natale solum dulcedine cunctos
Ducit, et immemores non sinit esse sui. Ovid.

Thou verdant vale, where wandering Weisa pours
Its silvery wave, where Fancy's visions flew
O'er my young head, and ting'd the circling hours
With varying scenes of rapture, ever new;
Remembrance often loves to look behind,
And mark thy beauties, once my fav'rite theme,
As singing in thy groves, I lay reclin'd,
And heard my numbers echo'd from thy stream.
Oh! the deep anguish of the feeling breast,
That views past joys, which never must return;
Come, smiling Hope, and spread thy fairy vest,
And bid my heaving heart no longer mourn.
Alas! not all thy flatteries can restore
The bliss I felt on Weisa's willowy shore!

Harley.

—

Original Poem by Milton.

[Mr. Todd, in his very ingenious life of Milton, prefixed to the most perfect edition of his poems, which has hitherto appeared, says of the following lines, that they were the production of his earlier days, that they shew a remarkable familiarity with Sylvester's *Du Bartas*, and that they were intended for '*Two Bookes of Ayres*,' published by Henry *Lawes, a musician of exquisite skill, whom all the poets of that age admired and assisted. This poem is exhibited in the Port Folio as a gem highly curious, if not of diamond lustre.]

LAVINIA WALKING IN A FROSTY MORNING.

In the nonage of a winter's day,
Lavinia, glorious as May,
To give the morn an earlier birth,
Paced a mile of crusted earth.
When each place, by which she came,
From her veins conceiv'd a flame.
The amorous plants began to strive,
Which should first be sensitive;
Every hoary headed twigge
Dropp'd his snowy perriwigge,
And each bough his icy beard:
On either side his walkes were heard
Whispers of decripit wood
Calling to their rootes for blood:
The gentle soyle did mildly greet
The welcome kisses of her feete,
And, to retaine such a treasure,
Like wax dissolving, took her measure.
Lavinia stood amaz'd to see
Things, of yearly certainty,
Thus to rebel against their season:
And, though a stranger to the reason,
Back retiring, quench'd their heat,
And Winter took his former seat.

* Waller makes him as renowned in Music, as an eminent attorney general was in forensic eloquence.

"*Nay* pleading, no man doubts the cause,
Or questions verses, set by *Lawes*.

Note by the Editor.

SELECTED POETRY.

[The nocturnal adventure of Cupid, drenched by a shower, and driven for shelter to a lover's mansion, is told by Anacreon, and has been feebly imitated by many of his followers. I know not if it has ever been so well translated as in the following easy lines.]

Anacreon, Ode 33, translated by Moore.

'Twas noon of night, when round the pole,
The sullen bear is seen to roll,
And mortals, wearied with the day
Are slumbering all their cares away,
An infant, at that dreary hour,
Came weeping to my silent bower,
And wak'd me with a piteous pray'r,
To save him from the midnight air;
"And who art thou, I waking cry,
*That bidst my blissful visions fly?"
"O, gentle sire, the infant said,
In pity take me to thy shed;
Nor fear deceit, a lonely child,
I wander through the gloomy wild,
Chill drops the rain, and not a ray
Illumes the drear and misty way!"
I heard the baby's tale of woe,
I heard the bitter night winds blow;
And, sighing for his piteous fate,
I trim'd my lamp, and op'd the gate.
'Twas *Love!* the little wand'ring sprite,
His pinion sparkled through the night!
I knew him—by his bow and dart;
I knew him—by my fluttering heart!
I take him in, and fondly raise
The dying embers' cheering blaze;
Press from his dank and clinging hair
The chrystals of the freezing air;
And in my hand and bosom hold
His little fingers, thrilling cold.
And now the embers' genial ray
Had warm'd his anxious fears away;
"I pray thee," said the wanton child,
My bosom trembled as he smil'd,
"I pray thee let me try my bow,
For thro' the rain I've wander'd so,
That much I fear the ceaseless shower
Has injured its elastic power."
The fatal bow the urchin drew,
Swift from the string the arrow flew;
Oh! swift it flew as glancing flame,
And to my very soul it came!
"Fare thee well," I heard him say,
As laughing wild, he wing'd his way,
"Fare thee well, for now I know
The rain has not relax'd my bow,
It still can send a maddening dart,
As thou shalt own, with all thy heart."

* Mr. Moore observes that Anacreon appears to have been a voluptuary even in dreaming, by the lively regret which he expresses at being disturbed from his visionary enjoyments.

—

[Bœthius, in his celebrated 'Consolation of Philosophy,' has introduced some fine verses, intended as a warning against romantic ambition. They have been elegantly rendered by Mrs. Thrale, and, as I strongly suspect, not without the assistance and the corrections of Dr. Johnson. The lines are remarkably easy, and the philosophy they inculcate will soothe the disappointed, and admonish the aspiring.]

Book II. Metre 4.

Would'st thou to some stedfast seat
Out of Fortune's power retreat?
Would'st thou, when fierce Eurus blows,
Calmly rest in soft repose?
Would'st thou see the foaming main,
Tossing rave, but rave in vain?
Shun the mountain's airy brow,
Shun the sea-sapp'd sand below;
Soon the aspiring fabric falls,
When loud Auster shakes her walls,
Soon the treacherous sands retreat
From beneath the cumbrous weight.
Fix not where the tempting height
Mingles danger with delight;
Safe upon the rocky ground,
Firm and low thy mansion found;
There, mid Tempest's loudest roars,
Dashing waves and shatter'd shores,
Thou shalt sit, and smile to see
All the world afraid, but thee;
Lead a long and peaceful age,
And divide their utmost rage.

—

[The subsequent passage, from Bœthius, Book II. Metre 2. I feel confident was translated or revised by Johnson.]

Though countless, as the grains of sand,
That roll at Eurus' loud command;
Though countless, as the lamps of night,
That glad us with vicarious light,
Fair Plenty, gracious Queen, should pour,
The blessings of a golden shower;
Not all the gifts of fate combin'd
Would ease the hunger of the mind,
But, swallowing all the mighty store,
Rapacity would call for more;
For still, where wishes most abound,
Unquench'd the thirst of gain is found.

—

[Mr. Wordsworth has a rare talent of remarking many of the minuter operations of Nature, and of describing them at once in the simplest, and yet most interesting manner. The use that he derives from his observation of a rural circumstance, is a good lesson to those, who walk in the forest.]

A whirl blast from behind the hill,
Rush'd on the wood with startling sound;
Then, all at once, the air was still,
And showers of hailstones patter'd round.
When leafless oaks tower'd high above,
I sate within an under grove
Of tallest hollies, tall and green,
A fairer bower was never seen;
From year to year the spacious floor
With withered leaves is cover'd o'er,
You could not lay a hair between,
And all the year the bower is green.
But see! wher'er the hail stones drop,
The wither'd leaves all skip and hop;
There's not a breeze, no breath of air,
Yet, here and there, and every where,
Along the floor, beneath the shade,
By those embowering hollies made,
The leaves in myriads jump and spring,
As if, with pipe and music rare,
Some Robin Goodfellow were there,
And all those leaves, that jump and spring,
Were each a joyous living thing.

Oh! grant me, Heaven, a heart at ease,
That I may never cease to find
Even in appearances like these,
Enough to nourish and to stir my mind.

—

EPIGRAM.

I laugh, a would be sapient cried,
At every one that laughs at me—
Good lord! a sneering friend replied,
How merry you must be.

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